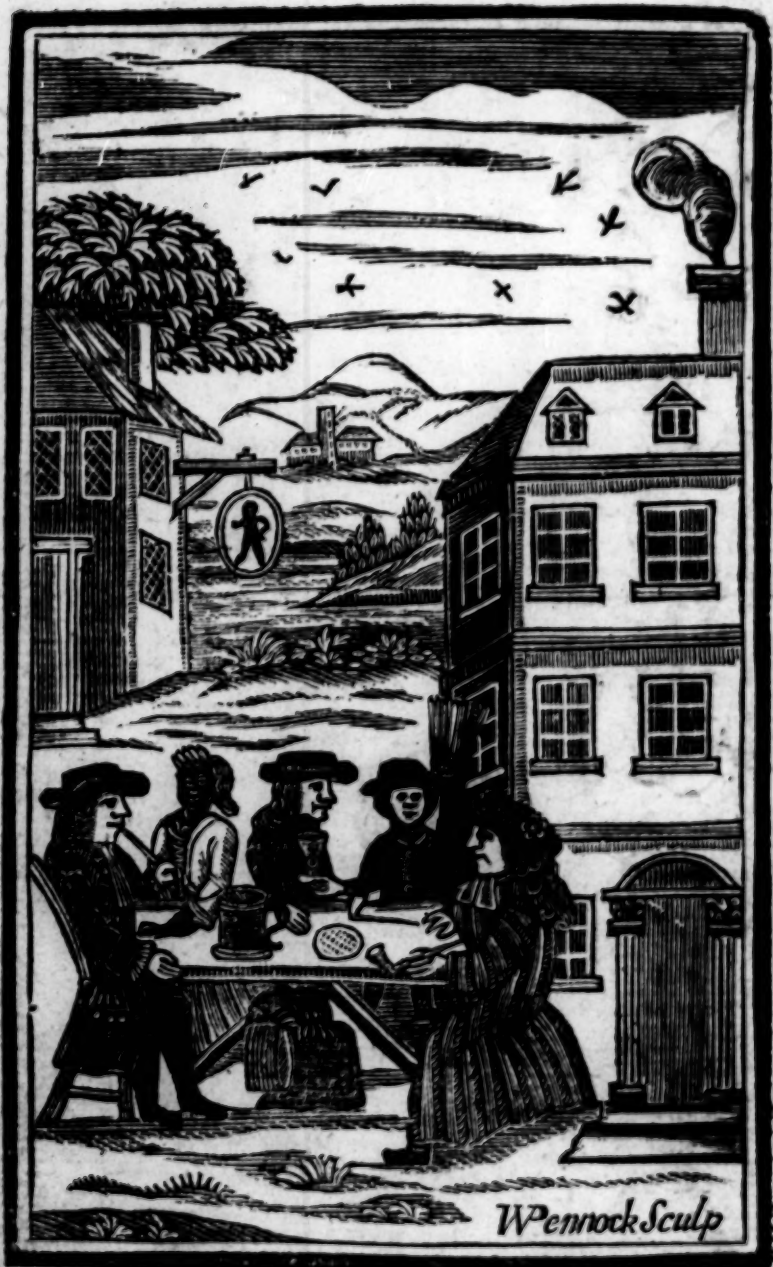
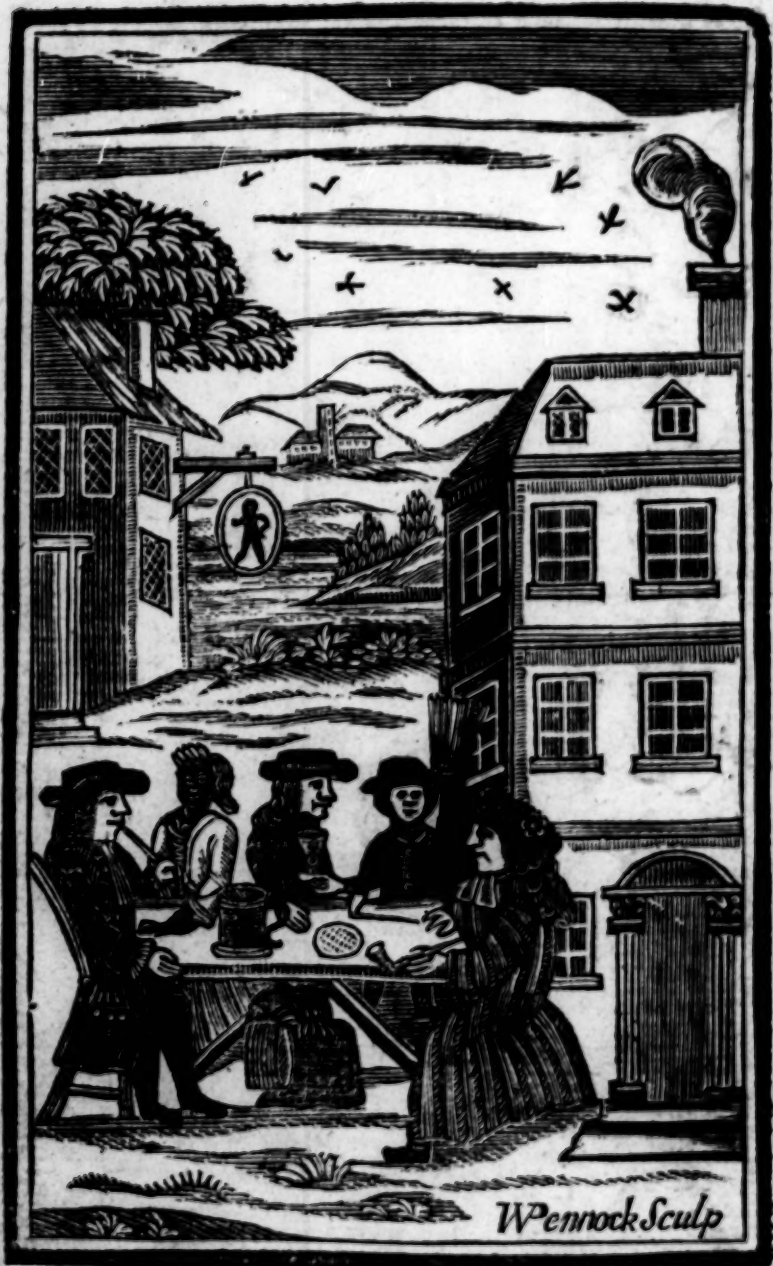






T H E
DELIGHTFUL ADVENTURES
 O F
Honest JOHN COLF,
That Merry OLD SOUL.

Who from his Antipathy to every thing that is White, became President of the *Japanner's Company*, and afterwards Chairman to the *Chimney-Sweepers Society*; and at length instituted Patron of the merry *Blacks of Waltham*. His Intrigues with several *Black-ey'd Girls* at *Black-Mary's-Hole*, and Marriage to a *Blackmore* at *Black-wall*, and becoming a *Blackwell-Hall Factor*. With several *Cole-Black-Jokes*, *Brown-Jokes*, and Jokes as sweet as Honey. Together with diverting Songs, his Death and Burial, which was on *Black-Heath*, under a *Black-Thorn*; and his Epitaph, wrote by a *Colamantee Negro* from *Antegoa*, nam'd *Diego* in the *Creolian* *Sile* and Language.

*Jack Sprat's Black-Cat
 had but one Ear,
 Joan Cole's Black-Hole,
 take a View there.*

By a Tipling Philosopher of the Royal Society.

L O N D O N: *autho of the Exam*
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 Mr. CRITCHLY, at *Charing-Cross*; and J. STAGG,
 in *Westminster-Hall*. 1732.

H-y Barnaby! look for a Warning,



T H E
DELIGHTFUL ADVENTURES
O F
Honest JOHN COLE,
That Merry OLD SOUL, &c.

WHOEVER has read the History of *Don Quixot*, or that of *Hudibras*, or *the Seven Champions*, or *Guy of Warwick*, or *the Devil upon two Sticks*, or *Bevis of Southampton*, or *the Battles of Alexander*, or *the Wars* against the *Saracens*, or any other History in the whole World, will find that the following Story is no Piracy upon any of them: Neither does it relate to any Politics, Hard Drinking, Swearing, Lying, Cursing, Fighting, or any Charitable Corporation; but it sings the Man who is a
Man

Man of his own self, and so contrary to all others you have heard of, that I dare swear he is not, nor ever was, to be parallel'd. For as some People are born with a natural Aversion to Cats, Cheese, &c. our Hero had a natural Antipathy to every thing that was White. While on the other hand, Black was his whole Delight; and from the beginning to the end of his Life, every thing of the *Sable Hue* commanded both his Mind and Purse.

His extraordinary Character in this Way, rais'd him to be Sovereign of the *Waltham Blacks*; for which reason we ought to be very exact in the Account of his Family and Pedigree, as being the Topics many great Folks chiefly stand upon.

To begin then with the Family, from whence the famous Champion of our History descended: His Mother's Name was *Joan Cole*, whose Business was to sift Cinders, and, like other Merchants, barter them for Money. As this Lady was taking her Walk home one Evening, with her Basket on her Head, she was luckily laid down on a Balk by a Chimney-Sweeper of Distinction, who riggled himself so much into her good Graces, that she wore the Token of his Love for nine Months,

Months, and then brought forth the Subject of this Pamphlet. But as People of Fashion are thoughtful how to hide their Shame, so *Joan Cole* had no sooner brought her Son into the World, but she put him in her *Cinder-Basket*, and dropt him into a *Cole-Hole* at *Black-Mary's-Hole* near *London*, with a Ticket about his Neck, inscribed,

MY NAME IS COLE.

But a true Historian ought, on so great a Subject, to mention every thing remarkable with regard to Families of Distinction: The Mother of our Gentleman, soon after she was Pregnant, long'd for the Dropplings of a *Link*; and every one who has convers'd with marry'd Folks, must be sensible how Children are mark'd, or have fixt Impressions made on their Minds from the Mothers Longings: And so had our Boy, both on his Outside and in his Fancy, the Marks of his Mother's Desires. The Parish, you may be sure, was obliged to take care of him till he could shift a little in the World, and then nothing would serve the young Rogue but to practise the Calling of *Black your Shoes your Honour*, and he was furnish'd with Necessaries accordingly, and set up his Stand in *Coleman-street*, as his Mind directed him;

him ; for the *Black* was in his Blood, and, as the Proverb says, *What is bred in the Bone will never out of the Flesh*. There was a Cook's Shop hard by, which sold Porridge, at the Sign of the *black Raven*, where he used to solace himself at a Half-penny Expence, when he had a little Money, and feasted now and then upon *Black Puddings* when he was rich enough to purchase them. He loved to drink out of a *Black-Jack* in a *dark Corner*. He was an industrious Lad, and as his Business by Day employ'd him in Blacking of Shoes, so there was never a Funeral that he did not follow with the greatest Pleasure if he could get a *Link* in his Hand, and by that Means got Money o'Nights, which proved the more grateful to him, as he made one of the delightful Scene of Mourning, he had the Charms of a Hearse with *Black Feathers* in his View, the *black Coaches*, the *Mourners*, and the *Parson*, all agreeable to him ; and so he indulged his Appetite a long time, till he had saved Money enough to purchase a *black Coat*, and then he thought himself equal to the best. He pleased himself in his dismal way of Thought, and rejoiced at the Expence of others Tears: But mark how Fortune will sometimes eclipse the Happiness of
the

the greatest Man ; His favourite Undertaker sends for him one Day to attend the Funeral of a young Lady who died a Virgin (as some say) and for this Mr. *Cole* was to have extraordinary Wages, and be set on horseback into the Bargain. He hugg'd himself with the Thoughts of half a Crown a Day, a *black Cloke* on his Back, and a ride for a Mile or two : But just as the Pomp was to begin, Alas ! all was over with him, for out comes the Hearse drest with White Feathers and drawn with White Horses ; the Scarves were White, and what was worse, the very Horse he was to ride on was White, and he was so terrified at the Apprehension that down he drops like a dead Man, and lay some Hours without Sense, till a poor Woman came by and cry'd *Black-berries* a Half-penny a Quart, then he began to raise his Head, and having eaten half a Score, came to himself, and declared the Occasion of this sad Mischance ; and the Undertaker, who was his Friend, excused him, knowing that himself swoon'd away at the sight of a Rice-pudding ; So that to all *black* Burials Mr. *Cole* surely made one of the Attendants, but was never after summon'd to any of the White Funerals. Thus the young Fellow one way or
B other

other got Money and some Knowledge of the World.

It was about this time that he hir'd a little dark Dog-hole in *Blackjack-Alley, East-Smithfield*, where he set up Lamp-black Merchant General to the the whole Fraternity of *Black-guards*; nor was there an honest Penny to be got by any dark Method whatsoever, but he was industrious enough to catch at it. I must not forget that while he liv'd in this Place, a Milk-woman coming by one Afternoon, happen'd to strike one of her Pails against his Threshold, and the Door being open, about a Quart of Milk came into his Apartment, which loathsome Sight had the most terrible Effect that ever was known, for it threw him into such a violent Fit of reaching and vomiting, that his Neighbours were all about him, expecting when he would draw his last Breath. And tho' the Vigour of his Constitution overcame at last this Attack, he constantly, afterwards, shut his Door as soon as he heard the sound of *Milk above*.

He knew the Town and Places about it, and as Lads of his Calling, are every now and then conversing with Porters, he soon discover'd that there was Money to be

be got by going of Errands, and acted as Deputy Porter sometimes with great Applause. One Day, as I remember, a Gentleman call'd him to go to *Blackwall*, and away he was running with half his Message, his Mind was so full of the Name of the Place; but hold, says the Gentleman, as you go along, call at the Angel-Tavern in *White-Chapel*, perhaps the Gentleman I send you to may be come to Town, and then you will save a long Walk: At the Name of *White-Chapel* his Countenance changed till he was *black* in the Face: I beg your Pardon Master, says *Cole*, but I cannot come near the Place, 'tis as much as my Life is worth; but whatever your Reason may be, says the Gentleman, go you must, for I have a Ship lying at *Blackstakes*, and if you do not make haste she may be sail'd without these Orders, which you must deliver to my Friend. *Blackstakes* Master, says *Cole*, I'd rather go there than come within a Mile of *White-Chapel*, for it is what was born in me, and I cannot help it; the bare Thought of any thing *White* sets my Blood in an Uproar. The Gentleman took him to be a Mad-man, and so call'd another Messenger.

Now was Mr. *Cole* vext to his Heart, to have two black Errands to go upon, and lose his Day's Work on the Account of a white one, but it was unavoidable, his Conscience could not overcome it: and as he went, sweating at this Loss, he met a Country Miller with a white Hat on, which so enrag'd him, that he flew upon the poor Fellow and gave him two *black* Eyes, that he might wear a double Distinction instead of a single one, tho' the Man was in some measure even with him, by an Embrace in the Scuffle, which so beflour'd the Coat of our Wight, that he chose to go naked till he got another, rather than wear it upon his Back after it had been so polluted.

He now resolved he would no longer be a Porter, but find out besides his former Professions, some other way of raising his Fortune. The first Man he met was a Chimney-Sweeper, and in his over Joy, resolved to spend his Penny with him: Dear *Soot*, says he, I'll treat thee with a double Dabber, or a full Joram in a *black* Jack, if you will give me your Advice, for I like your Phiz; your *Colour* denotes you to be one of the *Black-Art*, and I want to consult you about my future Welfare; why, Friend, says the Chim-

Chimney-Sweeper, I like your Reasoning, you talk like an honest Man; a full Joram say you, I'll tell you any thing, for I know more than any Conjuror in the World, and I could have an hundred Pounds (if I wou'd) for keeping one Secret I learn'd this Morning; I can tell you the Secrets of most Families in Town: Then dear *Blackey*, says *Cole*, discover to me what a sort of a Figure I shall make in the World? and drink about. Why, says the Chimney-Sweeper, observing him to be of a lusty thriving Size, *you will come to be a great Man, and will make a great Figure in the World;* but drink about, says *Cole*, and so I will, and here's t'ye, and so they went on, like the rest of the Folks who are Inquisitive and meet with Cunning-men to answer them; but says *Cole*, put me in the way of your learning to tell Fortunes as you know how, and I'll give you an *Angel*, 'tis as much as I can spare; but I love the *Black-Art* mightily, and want to be Master of it. Then, says the Chimney-Sweeper, you must attend me every now and then, at four or five in the Morning, and you will soon learn your Business; but let me see your Money, and I'll disclose the Mystery of it to you.

Cole

Cole was fond of the *Black-Art*, and down he came with his *Angel of Darkness*, which was ten Shillings, to the Chimney-Sweeper: Now, Friend, says honest *Soot*, I'll let you know Learning; When I tell you I know the Secrets of many Families, 'tis because themselves inform me of them; I or my Boy are in the Chimnies, when all Folks are in Bed, and when I am in the Chimney of one Room, I can hear what's doing down the Chimney of another, and being acquainted with Families a little, both Masters, Mistresses, and Servants, I can hear who and who are a-bed together; for the loving Couples generally will talk or bustle about till 'tis Day-light Morning. I have found the Squire solacing himself with the Chamber-maid, the Coachman with his Mistress, and Miss struggling with a private Spark for blood; of which Secrets I give Information next Morning to each merry Wanton, and get well paid both for Hush-Money and Conjurat[i]on.

Well then, says *Cole*, dear *Soot*, you shall lie with me to-night, and I'll follow you in the Morning as you will. Alack, says the Chimney-Sweeper, you are not in a proper Trim to attend one of my
Pro-

Profession, your Face and Hands must be *blackt* to disguise you, and you must have a *black* Jacket, such as I wear to do Business, 'tis no Dishonour, I assure you; I have known a Knight take my Figure upon him before now, when he had a mind to walk off decently from his Creditors; but I'll help you out, I like you well, and I'll lead you the way, and then leave you to yourself. Thus *Cole* and Mr. *Sweep* diverted one another till Bed-time, only the Chimney-Sweeper provided him with Rigging for the next Morning's Work, and so they set forward, and luckily enough for *Cole*; the first Person that call'd them was a *Black-moor*: In they go, and the Chimney-Sweeper was no sooner at Work, but *Cole* fell to work upon the Girl, who did not resist a great deal, because Sweet-hearts were very scarce with her, on account of her Complexion; he began in the Kitchen, and continu'd rifling her Charms all the way up to the Garret, so that the Wench had a fine time on't; and I don't doubt but she wish'd he wou'd have continu'd his Work from the Garret down to the Kitchen; but 'twas over for that time with *Cole*, for he had work'd very hard, always observing to be

be ready to receive his Master when he had finish'd a Chimney, so that he knew nothing of the Matter.

When all was over, the Maid was so well pleas'd, that she pick'd her Mistress's Pocket of half a Guinea, and gave it *Cole* for his Morning's Job. The two Sweepers were no sooner departed, but *Cole* thought it time to go to Breakfast, and treated his Master with *black Jack* full of Humty Dumty, and half a dozen black Puddings; thus he went on many Days, tumbling over all the Girls that had any *Black* about them: One young Girl he fancied in particular, on her delighting him often with the Song, call'd, *Black-Ey'd Susan*, and at *Bartholomew Fair* he bought her a Top-knot, and mentioning it to her before he shew'd it, she ask'd what Colour it was, it is, said he, the Colour of your *****; you foolish Cur, said she, what made you buy a black one? at which *Cole* laugh'd heartily, and gave her a *black Purse* lin'd with red, for opening to his Understanding, what his Eye had not yet discovered.

But now comes his extraordinary Luck; one Morning early, as he was taking his Rounds with his Master, he kick'd his Foot against a heavy Lump
of

of something, which he took up and put secretly into his Pocket, and feigning to untruss a Point in some By-corner, soon found they were Guineas, which proved to be above four hundred: He then began to think it not worth his while to attend his new Calling that Morning, but pretended the Gripes, &c. to his Master, and appointed him a place of meeting when he had gone his Rounds, and so away he hies with all Speed to the four *Blackmoors* Heads, and getting a Room to himself, told out his Money to his no small Satisfaction. What the Devil, says he, shall I do with all this Money? Let me consider, why, in the first place I must make two Feasts, one to the honourable Company of *Japanners*, and the other to the worshipful Society of *Chimney-Sweepers*; the first I will keep at the *black Dog* in *Blackmoor-street*, and have a couple of Gammons of Bacon, a plentiful Dish of *black-ey'd* Beans, and three Dozen of Rooks: and as for the rest, two great Dishes of *Black-caps*, and *Black-berries* golore; and every Lad shall have two *black* Jacks of good Tipple, and if I say I'll do't I'll do't. But now 'for my Society of *Soot Merchants*, let me see, suppose I was to keep their Feast at the

C black

black Bull in Magpye-Alley; but no, that can't be, for there is white in a Magpye; O, now I've thought on't, it shall be at the *black Lion* in the *Cole-Yard*, and for Dinner I'll have six *black Pigs* roasted, and six Dozen of *black Birds* bak'd in a *Pye*, a Dish of *black Puddings*, and half a Bushel of *black Cherries*, and give them their Bellies full of *black Cherry-Brandy*, and my *Blackmoor Lady* shall sit at the upper End of the Table; and when this is over, I'll dress like a Gentleman and dine at *Hell* in the *Palace-Yard*, and sup at the *Devil* in *Fleet-street*, and then marry *Moll Black-o'-top* at *Blackwall*, then dance the *black Foak* and go to Bed; and so he drank off his *black Jack*, and left a Shilling for his Master to drink. He was resolv'd, and strutted away in order to direct these Entertainments and invite his Company; he soon brought his Matters to bear, and for the Honour he did the Company of Japanners they voted him *Nem. Con.* Chief of their Company.

Tho' Mr. *Cole* had now got Money, it was but an Instant before he was poor enough to be a good Poet; however in the height of his *Glee*, he produced the following Lines, which were merrily sung round the Table.

Japan-

Japanners S O N G.

*We all will combine
To make all the Shoes shine,
In the Morning we're all Fortune-hunters,
Then spend half our Crop,
And go to the Hop,
And the Night we all spend with the
[Bunters.*

*How happy we live,
For we always receive,
Without asking or begging for Money,
Then let us brave Boys
Drink away and rejoice,
Since for Supper we're sure of a Coney.*

C H O R U S.

*Let the Colour be black,
And drink off the black Jack;
It will comfort your Hearts,
And raise all your Parts;
Then sing old Cole, old Cole,
Lay thy Leg over and black'em all.*

So when he entertain'd the worship-
ful Society of Soot Merchants, he was no
less respected, and the highest Dignity
they cou'd confer upon him was unani-
mously

mously granted and serv'd up to him,
 signed with their Names or Marks in a
 Tinder-box. The next Day he dress'd
 himself in *Monmouth-street*, and with his
 dear *Moll Black-o'-top* dined at *Hell*,
 sup'd at the *Devil*, and lay at *Black-*
Friars; but *Moll* wou'd not go to Bed
 with him, nor let him so much as touch
 her Concupiscence, no, nor put his Hand
 so high as her Garter, for tho' he might
 have felt out her *Sex before*, nothing
 now but Matrimony wou'd go down with
 her. Why then, says *Cole*, let us troop
 away at three o' Clock in the Morning to
Blackwall, there is a fat drunken Parson
 about the *Fleet* that will go with us, and
 marry us as fast as if the Devil was in him:
 The time came, and they three took a Boat
 to rendezvous at the blackest Sign they
 could find at *Blackwall*, and in their
 Passage, the Parson began to talk con-
 cerning his Business; Sir, says he, I be-
 lieve I can say more than a Bishop can
 say, for I have married an hundred thou-
 sand People and still go on so to do, I
 am a very lucky Man, and if a Bishop
 was to marry you, you'd be never the
 happier. If *White K* — — t Bishop of — —
Zounds, says *Cole*, *White*, and was go-
 ing to jump out of the Boat, why Sir,
 says

says the Parson, or if Dr. *Blackwell*, or *Blackly*; ay, ay, says *Cole*, I love every thing of that Colour, let them be good or bad; but for your *Whites* I cannot bear them; and this Argument was carried on the whole Voyage, with smoking and drinking of black Cherry-Brandy, and no sooner were they arrived but the Couple were linkt together; but it was a little remarkable, that when the Parson ask'd *Cole* what was his Christian Name, he answer'd, that he had never a one; why then says the Parson, suppose I call your Name *John* in a right Manner, with all my Hearr, says *Cole*, and so he was dubb'd with a Name, and took a refreshing turn or two to examine how things fitted, while the Parson took a Nod.

When the Nuptials were solemnized and consummated, our good Friend *John Cole* treated in a sumptuous Manner every one that came into the House, and by dint of good Liquor, or I know not what, one of the Company made the following Song upon his Wedding.

Now

*Now honest John Cole,
Has got a black Hole,
For himself or his Man to creep into,
Let him pull up his Strength
With his Man at full length,
For his Marriage has made it no Sin to
Tol, lol, de rol, &c.*

*Let his Wife be full brisk,
Bound, caper, and frisk,
Till she foams at the Thing that's below Sir,
Let her brisk up her Tail
When he handles his Flail,
For that gives the Pleasure you know Sir.
Tol, lol, de rol, &c.*

This Song was often repeated by the whole Company, till John and his buxom Black-cap thought fit to take a Night's Struggle together. He fell into Discourse the next Morning with some of the *Waltham Blacks*, who were wondrous gay and frisky, tho' *incog.* they related a great many merry Pranks that had been play'd by several; and now and then some of the *Blackwell-Hall* Factors were coming in, and boasting of their Success in Trade: This took the Ears of *John Cole*, and having Money by him, he

he thought it might be worth his while to go enter with them in such an advantageous Business; look you, Gentlemen, says he, if any one of you will instruct me in the Trade you talk of, I have some Guineas in my Pocket, and will give you a Bag of them with all my Heart, for *Blackwell-Hall* I'm sure will be lucky to me, for every *black* thing is agreeable to my Taste, and so he agreed, and with his *Black-o'-top* Doxy return'd to *London*, where in a Year's time he got above a thousand Pounds, and then like other Folks that get a little Money in their Pockets, bought an Horse, and lookt out for a Country Lodging; he remember'd the *Waltham Blacks*, and nothing would serve him but to make one among them; and accordingly fix'd himself at the place of their Rendezvous; he had Money enough and spent it as freely, and withal, he was a bold Fellow, and I have heard say, wou'd lend a Hand now and then towards procuring a piece of Venison; he grew extravagant in seeing so many *black* Faces about him, and was chosen their Superior.

On this Oceaſion, one of the merry *Blacks* made the following Song.

Let

Let us sing to the Black of Blackwell-Hall,

And all Things as black as the Devil and all;

Let us sing to the Praise of merry John Cole,

And thrice let us sing to Black-Mary's Hole.

Let us drink to the Health of a merry Black Joak,

For why may not we, with the rest of the Folk,

Take our Wills and our Fills, while our Champion's here,

Let us drink, and we'll whore, for the Reck'ning's clear.

One may easily suppose that a generous Soul would open his Purse Strings, in an extraordinary manner on so great an Occasion; the whole Country was ransack'd for Provisions: Wine, Strong-Beer, and Musick flow'd as plenty as Water; but now the hard Fate of *Honest John Cole*, that dear merry Soul, came on, for when the *Black Joak* was play'd, up he starts, and danced till he danced himself into a Fever, and it is thought by some Physicians,

cians, that his Dancing on the other *Black Jokes* Account, aggravated his Distemper which ended in his Death. His Directions in his last Words for his Burial were only, That Men of every *dark* or *black* Profession should be invited to his Funeral; but considering that there would be an innumerable sight of Lawyers and Parsons, many more than they could find Drink for, only Chimney-Sweepers, Small-coal Men, Japanners were summon'd. His Body was embalm'd with Neats-Foot-Oil and Lamblack, then wound up in *Black* Crape, which was decently bound with a *Black* Hat-band.

Thus with a few *black* *Roses* tyed on here and there with *black* *Tape*, he was equipt for his *black* *Progress*, and set out, supported by six Gentlemen of the *Black-Art* (or Conjurers) one was a Deaf and Dumb-Man, another a Fortune-teller in the *Strand*, a third told Fortunes in the *Old Bailey*, a fourth a Conjurer in *Wapping*, a fifth a second-sighted Revealer of Knowledge from the *Highlands*, and the sixth a *Laplander* of Distinction amongst the Ladies. The Sign of the *Black-Boy* was hoisted on a long *black* *Pole*, and carry'd before him by *Moor* of *Moor-hall*, as a Trophy of Honour; and his Corps

attended by six Powder-Monkeys, that were follow'd by as many Cinder-Wenches: Then walk'd the Fraternity of Soot-Merchants, two and two, with their Brooms revers'd, as a Signal of their Grief and Sorrow, that Death had swept away their Patron: After these came next the Society of Small-cole Mongers, walking in Couples, o'erwhelm'd with empty Sacks, carrying in their Left-hands empty Measures; and then the Procession was closed by a Regiment of the *black Guard*, with *black Puddings* in their Hats as Cockades, the better to do Honour to the Solemnity. And thus they march'd along for many a Mile, till the *Blacks* of *Waltham*, in Rank and File, met the Corps, and with their Huzza's took their Leave of his Dark Honour, and were seconded by a Troop of *Cole-heavers*, who, tho' they were not specially invited, thought it their Duty to breathe forth their dismal Voices on so melancholy an Occasion; and being now arriv'd at Death's Hole, on *Black-heath*, he was interr'd under a *black Thorn-bush*, according to his Request.



**A
FUNERAL ORATION,**

Pronounced over the Grave of

Honest JOHN COLE.

*By Tim. Dismal, Wedding-Maker and
Burial-Factor to the Worshipful So-
ciety of Chimney-Sweepers.*

BLACK GENTRY,

THE *dark* Occasion of our *dismal* Meeting is, as you perceive, to put *John Cole* into a *Cole-hole*. If the Devil is *Black*, as some Folks say, then is our Friend very safe if old *Nicholas* and he should meet together. I'll warrant you there will be Compliments enough between them; but if *Old Scratch* should be *White*, as the *Blacks* say he is, then there will be the Devil to pay between them: But the Devil's Colour is not yet brought t to light by any Gentleman of the

Black Robe, and as long as we are yet in the *Dark*, we must hope for the best, and comfort one another with the Belief that our Friend *Cole* is only gone to the *Shades* where he may rest in Quiet, for he loved *Shade* and *Darkness*, and the Devil a bit could he admire any *Light* whilst he was alive, but the *Lighting* his Pipe and Tope of the *Devil* and All of *Black Jacks*, then why the *Devil* should the *Devil* and he quarrel; let them shake Hands and be Friends, whilst we of the *dark Fraternity* solace our selves at the Sign of the *Black-Bear*, till the *Black-Jacks* are quite drain'd from their Juice.

A N

A N
O D E,

Inscrib'd to the

Memory of *JOHN COLE*,

By *Aga Paga Ben Logi Bastan dore*
le fugo, chief Chimney-Sweeper of
Morocco.

UNFIT for ev'ry Time and Place
Poor honest Cole, hard is thy Case
Where shall thy Eyes avoid the Sight?
Thy Ears where shun the Sound of White?

Shouldst thou to Africa repair
And mix among the Negroes there,
The Line it self no Comfort yields,
Tho' black the Men, white are the Fields.

Wert

*Wert thou to seek the Shades below,
How Things are there thou dost not know,
Thou may'st be there in love with White,
Or else the Indians may be right.*

*Couldst thou above the Skies ascend,
All Objects there must needs offend
Unfit for Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell,
Poor honest Cole, where wilt thou dwell?*

HIS

H I S
E P I T A P H,

Wrote by a Collanantee Negro from *Antiego*, call'd *Diego* in the *Ceolian* Stile and Language.

I *F you dis pash do walkee*
Tan here, and tankee, tankee,
About dis Whitee Blackee
Jackee Cole.

Dis Whitee, goodee Godee,
So lof de Blackee body,
'Fore G—d me too much saddee,
Jackee Cole.

Come here all Mausre Negro,
And cry we poor Diego,
And tellee where mus he-go,
Jackee Cole.

He haf de Negro Wiffee,
He live de Negro Lifee,
'Fore G—d heart burn wee Grisfee,
Jackee Cole.

Fate he now go to Coma
To Negro Country, homa
To Fader and to Mamma,
Jackee Cole.

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